The Portage Sentinel.

HARRIS & BATTERSON, Publishers.

TERMS.

One year, payable within six months, $1 50
One year, payable after the expiration of six months and within the year, 2 00
One year, payable after its expiration, 2 50

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publishers.

PORTAGE SENTINEL.

"The Constitution—The Safeguard of our Federal Compact."—*James K. Polk.*

Volume 1. RAVENNA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1845. Number 13.

Poetry.

INGRATITUDE.

I've felt the storms of passion blow
Upon my hapless head,
And many a tear of wasting wo
Hath dew'd my nightly bed.

Fell envy oft hath caused the smart
Of poignant pangs combined;
Yes, plunged into my helpless heart,
The dagger of the mind.

And slander too, dark fiend of hell,
The scorpion of the soul,
Hath joy'd to view my bosom swell,
My eyes in anguish roll.

I once had friends—but where are they!
The winds around them rave;
Alas! from life they pass'd away—
Go ask the gloomy grave.

Ay, ask my own yet youthful years,
Cheecks perishing and pale,
And many a tide of tender tears
Shall tell the piteous tale.

But ah, the many, many woes,
That wring my youthful heart,
Can ne'er the thousand thrilling throes
Upon my breast impart:

That flow from one ungenerous soul
To faith and feeling dead;
They far, yes, far surpass the whole
That beat upon my head.

And shall I tell the baleful name
Which feeling doth exclude?
O, 'tis to man a matchless shame,
'Tis dark INGRATITUDE!

Select Tale.

THE HOCUS POCUS.

BY MERRILL C. YOUNG.

Partly concealed within the border of the wood, which skirts a scene where a prairie

Streatched in boundless beauty lies,"

is situated a charming little cottage, nestled in shade and seclusion, beneath the foliage of overshadowing boughs. On the piazza in front of this dwelling, a venerable sucker (named Gordon) was seated one summer afternoon, building dreams of thrift as he surveyed his plantation, enameled with heavy crops ripened into plenty. Now, as our sweetest dreams are fleetest and quickest to close, it is not strange that his although pleasant was soon terminated by some one shouting.

"Hallo, old dad."

"Hallo yourself, and diskiver how it feels," he retorted, and turning simultaneously with his reply, his eyes fell upon a young man, a stranger to him, leaning on the yard-fence.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, "may be you might be so clever as tell a chap who owns that're wheat field up aside the timber, won't you?"

"Wal, I will; I own it."

"Dew say!" said the stranger. "But ain't it mighty cute that you allow four-legged animals and such critters to be in it."

"But I don't," said Gordon.

"I see a hoss in it, though, as I kum along," remarked the stranger drily.

"A hoss in my wheat!" exclaimed the sucker.

"Yes, indeed."

"Zags and lightning! Here, Blucher, Santa Ana—here, here."

His call had the effect to bring forth two dogs; one, a hound, with legs half as long as an eastern schoolmaster's, the other a bull, the peculiar quirk of whose under jaw might lead you to mistrust that he was one ever fond of what the knowing ones call the "grab game." Attended with these, he trotted off in "hot haste," the dogs wagging their tails as their old master wagged his tongue, urging them on the pursuit.

The young stranger, after wagging his chin a little way, and indulging in a light laugh that made him look suspiciously waggish, walked to the cottage door,—and then, without ceremony—into the parlor. Here, finding himself alone, he commenced a survey of the apartment. Before he had much leisure, however, either to obtain or admire the elegance combined in every thing around him, he was entranced by a gush of rich, wild melody, succeeded by the sound of light footsteps, and instantly a creature of beauty and loveliness flitted into his presence. Oh, that fair, rosy cheeked damsel, the very personification of blithsomeness. She was startled, though, when her soft blue eyes encountered the stranger; and in hastily withdrawing, in doing which she chanced to cast another glance—her countenanc changed from fright to gladness—she uttered the name of Henry Leslie—and then ran—not out of the door, but smack into the young stranger's arms. What an extraordinary act—in-fat-u-a-tion. She let him—let him—kiss her, too; and listened to his impassioned language—why what did the girl *mean*? Their conversation will, perhaps, suffice to explain.

"Clarisse," said the stranger. "Clarisse, my beautiful idol, I have come to claim you as my own."

"Oh, Henry, I fear our hopes will never change to realities. I love you; very, very much, but my father dislikes you because you are a Yankee Lawyer. He is obstinate and will not consent." And the rosy flush fled from the lady's cheek.

Do not fear, Clarisse," said Henry Leslie. "I can and will remove his prejudice. I know how to work on a farm; and as he does not know me, I will hire to him under an assumed name, and by the merit of honest worth and virtue, win a place in his affections."

Their hopes excited, and subsequently their anxieties lulled by the reasonableness of this plan, the two seated themselves on the sofa and enjoyed those bright angel plumed delights which a currency of love gives young hearts. When Gordon returned, however, he found the young stranger alone. Clarissa having deemed it prudent to retire at the sound of her father's footsteps. Gordon was glad that the stranger had tarried; he wished to give him a "peeling;" for he had searched the field over and found no horse.

"Now don't blame me, old man," said the Yankee, "for surer than my name is Dick Quirk. I have seen a hoss, a *dead one*, in that are very wheat as I kum along."

Oh, but old Gordon waxed wroth at thus learning that he had been sent to drive a mere skeleton from his field; yet the Yankee contrived to calm his ruffled feelings, and hire himself to the sucker to "dew things," closing the bargain with the impartial agreement that they might "hocus pocus" one another as much as they pleased; whereupon Gordon tickled his inner self with the conceit of all that he had endured from Yankee trickery, even from the time of his buying a clock from the Conneticut pedlar, which he said kept time backward, down to the period when the New York pettifogger wanted to marry Clarisse.

Respecting Henry Leslie, he had been in early manhood an enterprising young farmer, endowed with a broad and beautiful domain; but being moreover gifted with an excelent smack of intellectual powers, he had been induced to forsake the natural avocation, for one, perhaps better befitting his ambition, taste and ability—law. In the village where he studied and practised, he first became acquaintad with Clarissa Gordon, who had accompanied an aunt from the West, with the design of completing her education at one of those meritorious institutions for female instruction, with which the Eastern States abound. They loved. The aunt wrote to her brother, old Gordon, soliciting his consent for Clarisse to marry, explaining affairs, &c. Gordon answered stating that he should ever negative his daughter's wish to marry, a Yankee who, it appeared, was to lazy to work, and hence had resorted to pettifogging. He also instructed Clarisse to come home immediately, under the protection of an elderly lady and gentleman, friends of his about too return from the east. Clarisse was obedient—wept and obeyed her father.

Love, we all know, is like wine, a mocker, and sometimes prostrates its victim by mysterious intoxication. Something to this effect befell Leslie. His noble upheavings of desire—his unrest of ambition, were stayed. The excitement of business—of practicial life became harmless. And within the lapse of a twelvemonth, we behold him at first presented to the reader. disguised under an assumed name, language and demeanor, entering upon a plan to win his lady love, by the sweat of his brow. Herein was centred the ordeal testing the purity of his affection, and proving it as clear, pure and untainted, as the waters of a mountain spring. He was willing to labor for her like the patriarch on record; to toil, to endure the wring and rack of bone and sinew. Gradually did he win his way in the old man's esteem. On good deeds he laid the base and built a good character. By his steady application and his practicial skill and ability to labor, he substantiated a reputation for industry; and from experience, combined with book knowledge, superiority in the pursuits of agriculture. In the latter Gordon was particularly indebted to him. He acknowledged his worth; the plantation, too, expressed it, legibly. Nevertheless I do not know what would have been the result had not a circumstance occured propitious to the lover.

Gordon was very unjustly prosecuted by a neighbor. Arriving at the court at the time summoned (it was a Justice's trial) he found every body there whom he wished to see, but his own lawyer. The Justice allowed him to delay to the furthest limits that the law admits of—still no lawyer. His case wore no light—many clouds. He would not be beat for a hundred dollars yet he knew he could not conduct the suit successfully himself. To a man like him, independent to obstinacy, such a situation, without alternative, was mortifying in the extreme. As the Justice was declairing that the case must proceed forthwith, Dick Quirk, alias Leslie, whispered to Gordon:

"May be, seein' as how your lawyer ain't kum, you'll let me try your side—I've did such things afore."

Gordon opened his eyes wide and stared at him.

"I don't think you need hang off, for I'll pay costs and damages, and give you a year's work if I don't beat."

Gordon complied, partly from despair, partly because he never knew Dick to fail in any thing he undertook.

Five minutes elapsed, and Leslie was in his element. He had rich sport that afternoon. The cornering up of some half dozen suspicious witnesses; the putting to flight of half as many half-fledged lawyers, the astonishment which the audience evinced, as, throwing off his assumed style of speaking, he merged into a chaste, clear and rapid stream of eloquence. The plain exposition of facts and of the law, woven into one glorious, irresistible argument, finally resulting in a verdict favorable to his client,—were both amusement and profit to Leslie.

Gordon, who, during this whole affair, had sat with his mouth so wide open that you might have tossed a potatoe, sufficiently large for a breakfast, down his throat, without his knowing it—said when they were riding home together—

"Dick, if you are a yankee, I don't care, you are an all-jofired good feller."

"So I am," said Leslie, laughing, "indeed whether you take me in the field of labor, or the court-room, or in any other business you please do you know of a man that is superior to me hereabouts?"

"No, I don't."

"Now, what do you think of my poverty?" asked Leslie.

"I think you will exchange it for something better, as you did your blamed Taunton tone, to-day," answered Gordon.

"Do you consider poverty a disgrace?" continued Leslie.

"Well, now, I shouldn't think I did," answered Gordon.

"Well, sir," said Leslie, stammering a little "inasmuch as you seem to harbor no sentiments concerning me but what favors me I will be so bold as to inform you that there is a mutual love existing between your daughter and myself, and we solicit your consent to our marriage."

Gordon opend his eyes and mouth wider than ever.

"She is yours, by jingo," said the father, after a short pause. "All I care about is, that she will have to take such a consarned ugly name. Quirk—Quirk—Quirk; it sounds so like a sick gobler's soliloquy; but I suppose we can petition the Legislature and have it altered."

"Clarisse," said Gordon, in the evening, "Clarisse, Quirk has told me you loved one another; so I have given you to him entirely. I am glad, girl, that you have made choice of a man, this time, who knows how to pettifog, jam up, without being too lazy to work on a farm."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve.

Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gordon were married. After the departure of the wedding guests, on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, ycleped matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing and coffee, after all were finished, and after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found herself sitting between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter, and said beseechingly:

"Father will you forgive us!"

"Forgive you! for what, child?"

"Why, you know I—I loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And you recollect, too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well, what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same persons."

"Zags and lightning," exclaimed Gordon, springing to his feet; but he paused and surveyed both the culprits attentively, and then continued without passion: "What an old fool I have been, to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to chose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes. I will, and bless you into the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we shan't have to petition to the General Assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler soliloquising Quirk, Quirk, Quirk."

From the Buffalo National Pilot.

The Demon of the "Devil's Hole."

A FRAGMENT.

On a beautiful spring morning in the month of May, 1779, might have been seen, the figure of a tall, stout-built Indian of brawny complexion, clad in deerskin richly embroidered, a belt of wampum fastened tightly about his waist, a bow of six feet in length slung across his shoulder, a quiver well supplied with poisoned arrows, a rusty time-worn tomahawk, hanging carelessly by his left side, a huge pair of horse pistols fixed to a belt partly concealed beneath his buckskin covering, his face painted in the most approved style of a savage warrior, walking with a firm, quick step in a hard trod path on the bank of the Niagara, about three miles below its Cataract. The eye of the warrior seemed fastened to the ground, as if critically examining the path at every step. All at once he stopped, and stooped to the earth, gazing intently upon something in the path; he was soon brought to an erect position, by a shrill screech, echoing thro' the distant forest and re-echoing across the angry surges of the Niagara. He stepped aside, and secreted himself behind the trunk of a fallen oak that lay near the path; then sliding himself over the precipice into the top of a cedar that grew from the crevice in the rocky precipice, he became completely secluded beneath the evergreen, that skirt the path near this dismal cavern. Twenty warriors now made their appearance on the brow of the hill, headed by the notorious Brant, leading a white prisoner, amid the shouts and savage yells of his captors. The prisoner was a handsome, slender-built youth of sixteen, dressed in fine pantaloons, and round jacket, without shoes, his feet lacerated to a gore by being compelled to travel on sharp stones, and through the rough underbrush; his body supported by a savage on each side, his head reclining upon his left shoulder, as if overpowered from fatigue. The warrior Brant led the van; while the rest of the escort followed in the rear, spurring up their captive with savage cruelty—all at once Brant faced the escort, and gave a signal to halt, and addressed them briefly as follows: "Know ye not braves, that we are about to pass the abode of the 'bad spirit'—the dark cavern where dwells the greatest enemy of the 'red man;' and instant death shall be the portion of him, who dares break silence, while passing the fearful abode of 'devils;' having thus spoken he made a signal for the van to advance. The young captive thought this a favorable opportunity of bringing his sufferings to a close; and while passing this dreaded niche in the precipice, he gave a shrill, plantive scream; twenty tomahawks were instantly aimed at the prisoner's head, whose sufferings must have ended as anticipated, had not his outcry been answered by a hoarse rough voice from the enchanted chasm, instantly succeeded by two reports of fire-arms in rapid succession, the contents of which brought two of the brawny savages to the earth; one having received a ball through the heart, fell as lifeless as the stone on which he lay; the other receiving a deep wound in the left breast, rolled in agony upon the pointed rocks, until losing his balance, he was precipitated off the precipice—through the boughs of yielding evergreens, three hundred feet to the buttom of the 'Devil's Hole;' while the remainder of the escort dropped their uplifted tomahawks, and precipitately fled—their sachem leading the way, who had learned from their traditions, the falacy of attempting to resist the aroused demon of this fearful cavern.

The captive, upon being thus instantly deserted by his relentless captors, fell swooning to the earth, his head resting upon a turf of grass, within one foot of the precipice; and upon opening his eyes, he beheld the dark painted visage of a savage warrior leaning over him, whose audible sobs alone broke silence; he again closed his eyes and prayed for death to release him from his insupportable sufferings, and let his spirit ascend to those of his murdered mother and sister. "Charles," said the warrior who was standing over him, "Charles, once more behold your father." At the sound of 'father,' the youth started to his feet, electrified by the sound of a well known voice, 'Charles,' said he, 'fear not, for your father speaks.' 'Impossible!' But yet that voice,' cried Charles. 'Yes Charles it is none other than thy father; for six long months have I diligently sought thy merciless captors—the murderers of thy mother and sister; the shrieks of thy mother while suffering from the wounds of the murderous tomahawk—the plaintive wails of thy sister as the poisoned arrows opened the ghastly wounds in her naked body—the murderous yells of the captors as they led you from my sight, drove me to madness; and I resolved never to give up the chase, until I knew thy fate—if alive to rescue if possible, or die with you—if dead, to avenge a murdered family; and this disguise has served its purpose. I have not only received favors from the Sachem Brant, but have received rich presents from the leader Butler;' (and taking a ring from his pocket and handing it to Charles,) 'Charles do you know that ring!' the youth burst into tears. 'Yes, that ring I gave my sister as a birth-day present, two weeks before the attack on Wyoming.' 'Yes,' replied the father (clenching his tomahawk,) 'the notorious Butler gave me this ring, with other presents, for, as he supposed, deserting the Stockbridges and joining his bloody standard; and when I took this ring, knowing as I did, that he had caused the murder of my daughter, and robbed from her cold finger this jewell. I resolved to seek revenge.

'Until then I had disguised myself as a deserter from the Stockbridges, and become a follower of Brant and Butler to rescue my Charles. I secretly put a mark upon the shoe of Butler's horse that might enable me to track him with certainty. This mark I found imbedded in the earth near this spot, indicating his having recently passed this path; and while examining for this mark I heard you shriek as you were passing the brow of the hill; upon which I secreted myself in the mouth of this deep cavern to await your arrival: and as that last shriek met my ears, and the uplifted tomahawks my eyes, I drew my pistols; I then recognized my Charles: upon which I immediately fired—thy captors fled, and where I now not.'

Charles Collins and his father took the forest; and after a month's extreme hardship, reached the desolate village of Wyoming. Indian tradition attributes the death of the two warriors and the deliverance of the captive, to 'Gah-gush-ah-gah,' or the 'bad spirit' of the Devil's Hole.

Discontent.

How universal is discontent. We never knew a man who would say, "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich or poor, the man of competence, or the man who earns his bread by the daily sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of murmuring and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with an adz round a cask. "Ah," sighed he, 'mine is a hard lot—forever trotting round like a dog, driving away at a hoop." "Heigho!" sighed a blacksmith in one of those hot days, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while his red hot iron glowed on his anvil—"this is life with a vengeance—melting and frying one's self over the fire." "Oh! that I were a Carpenter!" ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lapstone, "here I am day after day, working my soul away in mrking *soles* for others, cooped up in a little seven by nine room." "I am sick of this out-door work," exclaims the carpenter boiling and sweltering under the sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather If I was only a tailor." "This is too bad," perpetually cries the tailor, 'to sit perched up here, plying the needle all the while—would that mine was a more active life. A school teacher must be a happy fellow.' 'Zounds!' cries the school master, 'what a slaves life I lead, trying to hasten the march of mind;' shut up all the time with a room full of noisy brats. Oh! that I were a printer.' 'It's too confounded bad!' ejaculates the printer, 'to toil year in and year out for *patrons* who don't care a straw whether you have a dime in your pocket, or are starving, or not. I'd be a farmer.' 'Oh, dear!' says the farmer, 'I have to sweat and tug out here in the field these hot days, to secure my crops and get a hiring, while the folks in town lead an easy life.—What fine times the merchants and lawyers must have.' 'Last day of grace—banks wont discount—customers wont pay—what shall I do!' grambles the merchant. 'I had rather be a truck horse, a dog, any thing.' 'Happy fellows!' groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry record; 'happy fellows! I had rather hammer stone than cudgel my brain on this studious, vexatious question.' And through all the ramifications of society, all are complaining of their condition; finding fault with their particular calling. 'If I were only this, or that, or the other, I should be content,' is the universal cry; 'any thing but what I am.' So wags the world, and so it has wagged, and so it will wag.—*Scrap Book of Solomon Thrifty.*

☞ A good story is told of a pompous clergyman who was wont to eke out his own vapid discourses by pilfering without remorse the old divines. On Sunday a grave old gentleman entered the church of the clerical plagiarist, and seating himself close to the pulpit, listened with profound attention. The reverend doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence before the old gentleman said, loud enough to be heard by those near him, 'That's Sherlock.' The Doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his grave auditor broke out with, 'That's Tillotson.' The doctor bit his lips and paused, but again went on. At a third exclamation of 'That's Blair,' the doctor lost all patience, and leaning over the side of the pulpit—'Fellow!' he cried, 'if you dont hold your tongue you shall be turned out.' Without altering a muscle, the old cynic, looking the doctor full in the face, said, 'That's original!'

SCRATCHING OUT MUSIC.—The Brooklyn Eagle says:—A friend who is just in from a six years cruize among the half-breeds and other semi-civilized races of the Far West, relates the following ancedote. An emigrant from the old country (i. e. from the old part of this country) having moved into the settllement, the natives kept lurking about his premises to take a peep at the "fixins" of his establishment. On one occasion the lady of the house was amusing herself at the piano forte—an article with which the natives were totally unacquainted. One of them, who happened to be the nearest, edged along to the window, and peeping cautiously in, gazed for some time in mute astonishment at the performer. Then turning to his companion he shouted, "Eph! Eph! Here's a woman scratching more music out of an old cupboard than you ever heard on!"

A HINT TO THE PASSIONATE.—Dr. Cadwell, an American writer on physical education, contends that a well balanced brain, contributes to long life, while a passionate and turbulent one tends much to abridge—and if persons knew how many dangers in life they escaped by possessing mildness of temper, instead of the opposite disposition, how eager would be the aim of all men to cultivate it.

A SHARP RETORT.—A lady at the supper of the great Ball, the other evening, being somewhat crowded at the table by a blood of the whiskers, requested him in rather a laconic manner, to move a little farther off, to which he grumbled out, 'don't bite me.'—'No, sir, I thank you, I never eat *pork*,' was her ready answer. She could not have been a *christian!*—*Cin. Mechanic.*

GREEN.—A Tennessee paper talks of a chap at Holy Springs, who was so astonished at seeing a lady playing at her piano, that after his listening for a minute or two he withdrew his head, and halloed after his companion. "I say, Jim! just come here, Darnation seize me, if here ain't a woman pullin' music out of a chest!"